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W I L K I A D,

T A L E.

INSCRIBED TO

A noble and worthy Patriot.

BY

A GENTLEMAN of the ACADEMY of GLASGOW.

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY G. MARTIN & J. WOTHERSPOON.
SOLD AT THEIR PRINTING-OFFICE, ADVOCATE'S-
CLOSE LUCKENBOOTH; AND BY THE BOOK-
SELLERS OF EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.
MDCCLXIII.

THE
W. F. L. A. D.

T. A. L. E.

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A noble and worthy Patron



A Gentleman of the name of Glasgow.

THESE ARE THE IMPRINTS

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1800.

71

THE WILKINAD

THE

WILKINAD,

T A L E.

IN days of yore, on yonder happy plain,
There liv'd, and still there lives, a wealthy swain,
Bless'd with fat beef and pudding, pork and pease,
Luxurious grown in indolence and ease,
In his green meads the herds that round him fed,
So num'rous were, he knew not what he had,
Devoid of care, to dress a pudding right,
Or smoke his pipe, was Harry's dear delight.
Seldom he pray'd; and said before his meat
No more than this, *God give me strength to eat*
And when his meal was done, *God send me more,*
And keep pale-visag'd famine from the door.
With scornful leer he ey'd his neighbours round,
And, proud in wealth, despis'd their barren ground:
" Their sheep how lean! their cabbages how thin!
" Scarce have they cloath to hide their naked skin."

4 The W I L K I A D,

Some sense he had, and mother-wit, 'tis true
 To pass his jokes; but now and then fell thro':
 His stomach overcharg'd with fumes, the swain
 Mistook for wit the vapours of his brain:
 Like Churchill's Poem on the famish'd Scot,
 Where dress and rhyme are minded, sense forgot.
 Flush'd with his wealth, with success giddy grown,
 He never prais'd a country but his own:
 Some he call'd Hogs, and some he stil'd Baboons,
 Some chattering Magpies, Brutes, or rustic Clowns;
 While fortune smil'd, still insolent and vain,
 He thought that she wou'd never frown again:
 But when she frown'd, then, then his pride was low,
 He humbly cring'd to every friend and foe.
 This in the following Tale will best appear,
 Which in plain rural rhyme I give you here.

Some neighbours saw what Harry had to spare,
 And thought no harm to take a modest share:
 From time to time they encroach on corn and hay,
 Pick up some fatted cows, and sneak away.
 One hardy clown, call'd Sawney, more oppress'd
 With want, was keener far than all the rest.
 To break old Harry's folds he thought no sin,
 And pick and chuse the best he found within.

Of *Harry* storm'd, and swore by *blood and wounds*,
To be reveng'd; but *Sawney* scorn'd his frowns :
With native rocks his farm was well secur'd ;
He light of foot, and never deem'd a coward.
Once *Harry* got within his fence, they say ;
And, tho' his paunch was heavy, push'd his way ;
Till *Sawney* met him, near a *burn*, at home ;
And there, he fairly laid him on his bum :
With many a blow he drove him o'er the dike ;
Old *Harry* swore he never got the like.

Long plagu'd with hungry harpies night and day,
With grief, at length, he found his stock decay :
" Kind heavens, help ! " he cry'd, " I am undone ;
" If things go thus, my beef will all be gone."
He call'd a council in his heart, the best
E'er form'd within a country farmer's breast ;
A master-piece of policy and art ;
He reap'd the gain, poor *Sawney* felt the smart.
" What if I should invite him home," says he,
" To a full share of all this farm with me ?
" Far better this, than be a constant prey
" To him, and every ruffian on the way.
" I know full well that *Sawney's* bold and brave,
" 'Tis vain to think that e'er he'll be a slave.

26 The WALK I A D,

" Were we but once united friends, I'm sure
 " We'll keep both dogs and beggars from the door;
 " He'll be the drudge; I'll cook my pot at ease;
 " I'll smoke my pipe, and dine where'er I please."

This project form'd, he then prepares a feast,
 And kindly calls for *Sawney* as a guest.
 When *Sawney* came, the word was, " Welcome here,
 " My friend, my brother *Sawney*: take a chair;
 " Come, bring a glass." And, if our tale be true,
 The guest was weary, dry, and hungry too.
 That day he drank too much; his rival swain
 Observ'd the time, and slyly thus began:

" It grieves me, friend, it grieves my heart to see
 " Your bairns and mine so seldom do agree:
 " That love and better concord may succeed,
 " To this my friendly offer, pray, take heed:
 " Of all my farms your share shall be secure;
 " And well you know, I'm rich, and you are poor:
 " If you encline, we two shall be but one;
 " My int'rest yours, your int'rest still my own:
 " Our strength once join'd, who then can us oppose?
 " I wou'd not give a fig for all our foes."

" I fear," quoth *Sawney*, " this would do but ill;
 " As you are now, you would be landlord still;

" Because

" Because I'm poor, my name would be forgot :
 " Much talk of *Harry*, none of *Sawney Scot*.
 " I never car'd to be a snool ; and ay
 " Where e'er I liv'd, had something there to say."
 " Fear not," quoth *Harry*, " man, I vow and swear,
 " You'll sit like me in that warm elbow-chair ;
 " There chat at ease, as free to tell your mind
 " As I am now ; what could you wish more kind ?
 " By turns we'll rule the roast ; and in this place,
 " No matter whether you or I say grace.
 " What tho' you lose your name ? as sure you must ;
 " (Here *Sawney* hung his head,) it is but just,
 " Since we one name must have : I am best known ;
 " My name will run much further than your own.
 " My farms and distant glens, my num'rous flock,
 " Will add to yours, and be one common stock.
 " Besides all this, if you encline, like me
 " To skip in boats, to do it you are free :
 " Far o'er, on yonder water side, you know
 " What may be had, where gold and gems do grow."
 This cheer'd blunt *Sawney's* heart ; he smil'd, and said,
 " Enough, my friend, the bargain then is made."
 They both join'd hands, most solemnly, they say.
 Oft *Sawney* curs'd, oft *Harry* blest'd the day.

Now

8 The *WILKIN*

Now aid me, Muse, in proper strains to tell
How parties acted for the common-weal:
How bravely *Sawney* in the cause behav'd;
And for his pains what insults he receiv'd.
All must confess that *Sawney* still was just;
No swain was ever truer to his trust.

Some circling years did happily go round;
Peace bless'd their fields, and wealth their labours
What first disturb'd the comfort of their lives, [crown'd.
Was that old fatal cause of woe, their wives.
Some say they were their wives; some, only friends;
Or mistresses they kept for private ends:
To carry on some projects with applause,
To fight for wives is still a good old cause.
But this aside; by all it is well known
Each husband fondly doted on his own:
For good *Jean-Saint* the one would lose his life;
Nor less the other priz'd *Bell-Tree* his wife.
Next to his pudding, she was his delight,
His only care by day, and dream by night.
Young *S*—t a swain fell deep in love, they say,
With both at once, and both would snap away.
To *Sawney's* farm he comes with this intent;
Few but some shepherds there knew what he meant.

With

With them he plots; with them assisted, flies
To gain, if fortune smil'd, the lovely prize.

Both swains at this were equally alarm'd;
And in the common cause they quickly arm'd.
With some brave lads to *Sawney's* farm they run;
The one trips light; the other, much o'ergrown,
Still gasps for breath, falls often in the rear;
To lead him on was faithful *Sawney's* care.

Without his aid, what could old *Harry* do,
Where tow'ring rocks, and snowy mountains grow?
Where *Churchill* says, pale hunger only dwells,
To feed on wilks alone, or cockle-shells.
Struck with a sudden terror, and amaze,
"Is this your antient farm, my friend?" he says,
"Excuse me, *Sawney*, if I speak amiss;
"God made the rest, the devil himself made this."

But when he saw the savages appear;
Who favour'd S——t, O how he quak'd with fear!
Seiz'd with the gripes, or fancies of his brain,
Twice he run off, and twice return'd again.
"These half-starv'd brutes, (quoth he), for want of meat,
Their slaughter'd enemies, no doubt, will eat.
These tools they wear so long, as I suppose,
Were form'd to make beef-collops of their foes!"

Had

10 The WILKIN D,

Had Sawney been as timorous as he,
'Tis to be fear'd he would have lost *Bell Free*.
No danger daunted Sawney's heart: he found
No labour hard; and well he knew the ground.
To him the other owes that happy day:
The young ambitious swain was forc'd away.

When this was done, quoth Sawney, "If you please
" We'll now go home: for you have need of ease;
" And so have I; why take we further pain?
" That thoughtless fool will ne'er come back again."
" No haste at all," the other then reply'd,
" One thing there is remaining to be try'd:
" This farm of yours is cold; to melt the snow
" We'll make one merry blaze before we go.
" Come, burn these shepherds houses far and near,
" Quite root them out, take all their goods and gear
" Revenge is sweet; and further, it is plain,
" By doing this, they cannot rise again."
Quoth Sawney, " This affords me small delight;
" These Farms were once my own peculiar right;
" Now they are yours, my friend, as well as mine,
" To spare our own, I think, we should incline.
" In after times these lads may serve our turn
" Against our foes; why should we kill and burn?

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“But yet, to show I’m honest, just and true,
 “And still regard one interest with you,
 “Your will is mine; if this is your intent,
 “I do agree;” and so to work they went.

To tell what sad destruction then ensu’d;
 How for his sake poor *Sawney* was imbru’d,
 In his own blood, is dismal! Men may guess
 That mutual friendship was confirm’d by this;
 That *Sawney* gain’d much honour and applause,
 By all he did and suffer’d in the cause.
 But oh! th’ ingratitude of human kind,
 Ill quick to spy, to merit ever blind,
 Poor *Sawney* for his pains was hated more,
 More jeer’d and ridicul’d than e’er before.
 When storms arose, or troubles in the Farms,
 Oh! how he hugg’d his *Sawney* in his arms!
 “Kind *Sawney*! help;” but when the storm was o’er,
 No wight was e’er so peevish, cross or sour,
 Wrong he call’d right; and right he oft call’d wrong,
 Few men could bear the lashes of his tongue.
 “Your land, my friend, yields nothing else,” cries he,
 “But rogues to rob me of my dear *Bell Free*:
 “On yonder north-side of our old march-dyke,
 “I judge ye are but traitors all alike.”

In

121 The W I L K I N A D,

In vain to this the other did oppose
His innocence: in vain he said, that those
Who traitors were had suffer'd for their crime:
Such arguments, with him, were out of time.
Still *Harry* huff'd, and laugh'd his friend to scorn,
That e'er a S——t within his farm was born.
Such injuries were *Sawney's* best reward;
And now he feels what often he had fear'd.
But yet these insults car'd not to resent,
For peace and concord was his whole intent.
He calmly bore the fallies of his friend,
And wisely humour'd what he could not mend.
Besides, poor *Sawney* blush'd, as I suppose,
That such disturbance in his farm arose.
Some of his friends were much indeed to blame,
Who cast so great a blemish on his name:
This to wipe off, this scandal to repair,
When time would serve, was honest *Sawney's* care.

Against our swains the neighbours soon arose:
Foes without number, dreadful to oppose,
Eneroach on *Harry's* distant lands and isles;
Great was their force, but greater still their wiles.
In time of need still *Sawney* was caref'd,
And in these fawning terms was now address'd:

an

“ Brave

" Brave Friend, to whose true zeal and strength we owe
" Our success past, O *Sawney* ! aid me now.
" These swarms of hungry locusts will destroy
" Our fairest fields, and all our springing joy.
" Quick to your farm, call up your num'rous train,
" Each hardy huntsman, and each youthful swain :
" Let them repair to yonder distant shores,
" To save our farms, and to protect our stores."

You guess, perhaps, that *Sawney* then reply'd,
In the old cause my bravest huntsman dy'd ;
Our fury then, alas ! spar'd few or none ;
The smart was mine, the glory all your own.
No : *Sawney's* soul was noble, and above
Such low resentment : fir'd with social love,
Fir'd with true zeal, he homeward flies in haste,
To arm his swains, and lay his country waste.
In ev'ry hollow glen and rising hill,
Where sportsmen hunt ; by ev'ry brook and rill
His horn was heard ; his lads, in armour bright,
Rush at his call, all panting for the fight.
Let *Harry* tell what numbers then arose
From *Sawney's* land, to fight against his foes ;
And how they fought : yes, *Harry*, 'tis well known,
They were as brave and num'rous as thy own.

B

Tho'

" Brave

14 The W I L K I A D,

Tho' *Sawney's* lands were poorer far than his,
 The tenants fewer in that farm than this;
 Yet did the shores where *Phebus* rests at night,
 See his firm bands, and tremble at the sight:
 So did these lands, by *Indus'* golden streams,
 And where the Sun shoots down direct his beams.
 How brave, how nobly lavish of their blood,
 By numbers slain, may well be understood;
 Let lists be drawn, and if these lists are true,
 For *Harry's* one, the other lost his two.

Kind Fortune smiles; not only *Harry's* farms
 Are all preserv'd by their united arms,
 But more acquir'd; their ancient bounds enlarg'd,
 Their men with honour crown'd, and riches charg'd.
 The haughty foes are now oblig'd to cease,
 Give up their claims, and humbly sue for peace.
 On this occasion *Harry* plainly knew
 What honour was to *Sawney's* merit due:
 He kindly smil'd, and prais'd him to his face;
 And nobly set him in the highest place.

Great in the field, in council now as great,
 By B—te his friend, brave *Sawney* rules the state.
 No more on *Harry's* brow these tempests hung;
 No more were heard the sallies of his tongue.

Thes

These rebels, traitors, rogues, were all forgot;
 True love and concord was their happy lot:
 And that this peace and mutual love might last,
 Was the fond wish of ev'ry honest breast.
 But oh! th' inconstancy of human bliss!
 Hell saw their love, and env'y'd them in this:
 A fiend, the blackest in the Stygian pit,
 Most swell'd with poison, malice, and deceit,
 Springs up, and in a human form appears
 To set these friends together by the ears.

This man, or rather devil in disguise,
 Whose selfish views are wisdom, sure was wise:
 If to screen the rancour of his heart
 With specious names, deserves the name of art;
 No greater artist ever breath'd than he,
 To plot our ruin, for our LIBERTY;
 And with that sacred name disguise the foul
 And black abominations of his soul.
 Spendthrift prodigals, with want oppress'd,
 Fish in troubled water still love best;
 Did John W——kes, in faction only brave,
 Now, a venal, mercenary slave:
 To mend his fortune fit to be a tool
 Of patriot sage, or ministerial fool:

B 2

And

These

16 The W I L K I A D,

And ready equally for good and ill,
As best he thought *that* purpose to fulfill :
In short, o'ergrown with all the stains of life,
And nauseous even to his bosom wife.

How opposite to his grew up the fame,
The rising fame of B—te's immortal name?
As when dull vapours hover on the sky,
Some fanning breeze soon clears them all away;
As light dispells the gloomy shades of night,
So vice strikes horror, virtue gives delight.
Vile filth, aside!—In B—te fair flowers arise;
And lovely landscapes open to our eyes.
Zeal for his country, not disguis'd by art,
The ruling passion of a patriot's heart,
From individuals reaching to the whole,
Is the first principle that moves his soul.
Sway'd by no servile view, no fordid gain,
O how he strives our int'rest to maintain!
And peace, the spring from which our blessings flow
The basis of our happiness below.
Some bard of fame, from the Piaeian spring,
The lasting honours of the patriot sing.
See how neglected arts begin to smile,
And shed their wonted blossoms on our Isle!

See how reviving Commerce rears the head,
 By nipping blasts long wither'd and decay'd !
 See where secure we spread our sails full blown,
 To isles and lands, now; *only now*, our own !
 With laurels crown'd, how we begin at last
 To taste the fruits of all our labours past:
 Till wise Minerva's industry shall heal,
 In time, the wounds of fierce Bellona's steel.

B——te! to whom this bliss we chiefly owe,
 How large a share we bear in all thy woe?
 And not thy innocence one single charm,
 The lawless rage of Faction to disarm?
 Or all thy virtue success to oppose
 The boundless pride and envy of thy foes?

With grief they see him at the helm of state,
 His favour guarded, as by merit great:

His rival in the cabinet and chair,
 Snatching all their former glory there.

No fair pretence, no open way they know

To stain his honour, and to pull him low:

And fate, alas! that where just measures fail,

Where fraud and artifice should oft prevail.

They summon W——kes, that son of craft, that tool;

Not art a wit, by nature meant a fool:

18 The W I L K I A D.

And when the case was told; "Leave that to me,
 "I'm fond to serve your interest," quoth he:
 "That upstart S——t, that Northern, surly clown,
 "My foe, as well as yours, must tumble down."
 This said, to Styx he quickly bends his flight,
 To see his daemon friends, black forms of night:
 A Parson bore him company, they say,
 To conjure *Death* and *Famine* by the way.
 Quick at their call upon that ghastly shore,
 War came to meet them, purpled o'er with gore;
 And Tumult, with a mob, mad Faction's son,
 Rage in his eyes, and in each hand a stone:
 Revenge was there, squint Fraud, and cold Disdain,
 And Envy fierce, the blackest of the train.

"My friends," says W——kes, "I hope it is well known
 "We always lov'd your int'rest as our own:
 "Assist, ye Powers of night, and help us out
 "Against your own, and our opponent B——te.
 "Oh could we bring that proud man down!—I swear,
 "He well deserves the grudge of all that's here.
 "But arguments we want in this good cause,
 "To carry on the project with applause.
 "We crave advice."—To this *War* first reply'd:
 "Ye have," my friends, "good reason on your side.

"No

No more, alas, I hear these pleasing sounds,
Call out your armed host to blood and wounds;
 And who but B——te dry'd up those channels first,
 Where I so long have quench'd my burning thirst?
 By the late articles of peace appears,
 What ye have gain'd by blood these last eight years.
 Who doubts but that your profit would been more,
 Had ye fought on with vigour as before?
 For sure it is, if eight years gain is such,
 In twice eight years, it would be twice as much.
 Charge home this argument with vigour, friend,
 And soon you'll see his power at an end."

Tremendous Power, I thank you," W——kes replies,
 The hint is glorious, the counsel wise;
 Which to improve shall be my early care;
 Come, Parson, note it down, since you are there."

Next *Faction* spoke: "The old disputes you know
 That reign'd betwixt the swains some years ago;
 These glorious days of W——g and T——y, friend,
 These Northern rebels, now, are at an end.
 This grieves my very heart; I weep to see
 That *Harry* and his *Sawney* so agree.
 Sow but some jealousy betwixt the two,
 By this at once you humble B——te your foe.

" Tell

20 The *W I L K I N S*,

“ Tell *Harry* that you saw his friend the S——t
 “ Oft tampering with *Bell Free*. This true or not,
 “ Will be believ'd by him, as soon as said; *only but*
 “ A jealous husband ever is afraid.” *spoke of I saw* [fear,
 “ Well said, brave Chief,” quoth W——kes; “ yet still I
 “ Some proof of an intrigue is wanting here: *and W*
 “ I hate the rogue; yet could I swear that he *and W*
 “ Ne'er once presum'd to tamper with *Bell Free*.”
 “ For shame,” quoth *Fraud*,” “ I find you'r at a stand-
 “ I'll help you out: 'tis known in all the land,
 “ How in her Cyder Vault he tugg'd her gown;
 “ And there, no doubt, he meant to lay her down;
 “ Her apples, in his jokes, he snaps away:
 “ And is not this a sign of am'rous play?” [you hear,
 “ C——ll, my friend,” cries W——kes “ write what
 “ Note every article; the case is clear.”

“ Last of the fiends spoke *Envy*, with a frown,
 “ This stranger, B——te, is now superior grown
 “ To *Harry's* true-born sons. O what a change!
 “ When they to any Northern S——t must cringe.
 “ Let him be wise, brave, just, and what you will;
 “ What says all that? he is a Northern still:
 “ Perhaps infected with his country's itch;
 “ Once poor, and therefore never should be rich.”

“ Hold

Hold there," says W—kes: "the laws establish'd now
Make these high places free to both, you know."

We would be hiss'd." Quoth C——ll, "D—n the
How oft they baulk a good and glorious cause? [laws,
These laws, these *Magna Chartas*, and what not
We must resolve to trample underfoot.

What *Envy* says is just, and will prevail
More than all other reasons hatch'd in hell."

His said, and thus prepar'd, to work they fall,
Their poison'd quills deep dipt in vipers gall;
Thanks to the Devil's invention; on the spot,
Prung out NORTH BRITON, and the famish'd Scot—

These blaz'd abroad, and reaching *Harry's* ear,
Had all the success hell and W——kes wish'd there.
He rav'd, he stamp'd, he curs'd the Northern S——t;
Up'd up old foes, and insults long forgot:
Lock'd up *Bell Free* in some strong vault below,
To save her from th' imaginary foe.

—te leaves the chair; it was not safe to stay;
He was the first would suffer in the fray.
All *Harry* storm'd; and *Sawney*, quite amaz'd,
Sometimes on B——te, sometimes on *Harry* gaz'd.
Narc knew he what to do or say, but swore
That such vile insults he could bear no more.

If

Hold

22 The W I L K I A D,

If *Harry* was for blows, he knew the art
As well as he, and hop'd to make them smart.
C——ll and W——kes stood laughing all the while,
Proud of their wit, triumphing in their guile.

What power divine, what heavenly charm shall quell
These loud tempestuous blasts, and storms from hell?
Sure this must be our Guardian Goddess' care:
Be hush'd, ye winds, the beauteous dame draws near.
Her aspect love, her laurels awe command;
She waves the peaceful Olive in her hand.

" My sons," she says, " my care and only joy,

" Shall Civil rage my fairest hopes destroy?

" Shall Fraud and Faction basely thus pollute

" Each springing honour, and each balmy fruit?

" These fruits of all the toils I have sustain'd,

" These never dying honours I have gain'd,

" Now fall a victim to that scourge of men,

" That tool of Faction, a licentious pen.

" Shall Fraud domestic thus my empire break,

" Which no united foreign powers could shake?

" Weigh, O my sons, before it be too late,

" Maturely weigh the fix'd decree of fate:

" Ye shall by Concord ever be secure,

" Against th' insulting rage of foreign power;

" But

But the divided *Thistle* and the *Rose*,
Shall fall an easy prey to common foes.
O let the blushing *Rose* perfume my name,
And let the *Thistle's* arms still guard my fame.
Vain restless souls! licentious fools! forbear
The sacred rights of majesty to tear:
Let civil broils, and Faction henceforth cease;
And Concord crown the universal peace.

"Thou W—kes, thou tool of faction, hear thy doom;
In Envy's spite, Bute's laurel fresh shall bloom,
And, ever honour'd by impartial fame,
Each grateful age shall bless his patriot name;
While thine in endless infamy shall rot,
Or, with thy works and friends, forever be forgot."

T H E E N D.

"But

A T A L E

22

That the United States and the People
shall fill an empty space to common sense
O let the blinding light perfume my name
And let the Virgin's arms fill guard my name
Vain selfish souls! licentious looks! forbear
The sacred rights of majesty to rear
And crown the throne, and fashion innocence
And Concord crown the universal peace
Thou W--- has thou not seen
In Ravi's face, B---
And, ever honest, I'll leave
Each grateful age shall bless his father name
While this is constant in my heart
Oh, with thy works and wisdom, forever be forgot



T H E E N D